Feeding Europe on Seventy-Seven Cents

COLUMBIA, S. C.

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

OUR SUPREME MISSION IN LIFE

However we may identify the Man of Macedonia, certainly he symbolized the eternal call of Christ to His Church. Paul's reaction to the heavenly vision was one of prompt obedience and joyful submission. The result was that an entire new continent—Europe—which seemingly the Apostle had not been considering as a missionary objective, was opened to the Gospel. The lesson is clear. If we in our generation would accomplish our supreme mission in life, we too must be yielded to God, led by His Spirit, and prompt in obedience to His voice.

—Dr. David J. Fant.

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Are You Sound?

"Is the Fellowship 'sound' in the faith?" The question was thrust at me by a peculiar brother in Poland, some time ago. I replied: "Write Comrade Norman Smith. He will no doubt reply in such a sentence as this: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' If that does not satisfy you, ask Dr. Dowkontt. He may say: 'We stand firm on the infallible Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.' "

The questioner was a "hard-shell" crank. Nevertheless, we must always be ready to answer sincere inquirers. Now let me ask: Are we as "sound" as we think we are? Are we "sound" in our prayer-life? Jean Rhode pleaded, last month, for prayer for Israel. Did her plea fall like water on a duck's back? A Jew once asked me: "How can you love the Jews, if you at one time made a fool of a Jew on the stage?" Here was my opportunity to tell of the New Birth, and the new heart, and a sound testimony. It matters not what we think of Israel. What is God's definite and imperative call? Paul responds: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." That proves Paul's soundness.

Dear fellow-believers, I plead with you to stop all arguments about Israel, and confess the sin of prayerlessness for God's chosen people. The great prophecy of Isaiah has become a book of mighty prayer-principles to me. Because of overwork, my eyes gave me trouble. Friends quickly sent me large-type portions: Isaiah is one of these. I am thrilled and filled with awe and wonder. As you get a grip on God's purpose for Israel, all the world becomes easy to pray for. The vision becomes wide, deep, and intensely practical.

Again I ask: Are you *sound* in your prayer-life? If not, cry out speedily: "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord, in ceasing to pray for Israel." This is far more important than all our time-wasting arguments!

O God, forgive us! Cleanse our prayer-life: save us from self-centered conceit and cultured indifference. Teach us to choose Thy will and to do it.

A cry from an American soldier in Germany has just come to hand. The enormous number of destitute persons, young and old, is alarming. "Pray for us," he pleads. "God is blessing His Work, and souls are seeking Christ. Bibles are scarce, and the doors are opening daily. Pray, pray, pray." My heart responds, "Lord, train me to be 'sound,' persistent, and faithful in prayer for this tremendous and urgent need."

Yours for sound, soul-winning service,

4 Eldon House,
Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

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Feeding Europe on Seventy-Seven Cents

It was just about five years ago that the American-European Fellowship, through the pages of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD, first brought to the attention of its readers the work of CARE. The Coöperative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc., was then a relatively new organization, distributing surplus Army ration packages among the needy in Europe, at $15.00 each. In a short time the price was reduced to $10.00, and since then, many new kinds of packages, all prepared for CARE, have been instituted, so that today the would-be donor has an almost bewildering variety from which to choose. The interest of our Fellowship friends was kindled; packages were sent monthly to our own missionaries, and we were able to send also to over four hundred needy families, whose names were furnished us by Brother Stettler and others. Every month for these five years, with one noteworthy exception, we have sent CARE packages, through the generosity of our friends.

It seems to us that the literature which comes to our desk from CARE has never been more informative and appealing than it is today. Take, for instance, an article originally published in *The Commonweal* for April 6, 1951, and reissued by CARE in pamphlet form. It is entitled "Journeys Out of Fear," and the author is Dr. Charles R. Joy, the International Field Representative of CARE. He reports that nine thousand persons a month appeal to the refugee headquarters in West Berlin. The taking of photographs is forbidden, because this in itself constitutes a danger to them. If the photograph is seen in the Eastern Zone, it will be proof that they tried to escape, and they and their relatives may suffer. People say: "Someone has taken our picture. Now we don't dare go back."

Dr. Joy listened to the stories told by these people, and watched their faces; he felt that he was witnessing the whole gamut of human emotions, and it was almost as if he were present at the judgment day. The officials in charge of handling these refugees face a heartbreaking task. "If we admitted all who wanted to come," said one of them, "the whole 18,000,000 from the East Zone would come pouring into the West." The people are handled with great consideration: hospitalized if they are sick, then questioned and registered, which takes several days. If accepted, they are placed in one of the many refugee camps, and an attempt is made to find work for them.

The article concludes: "The ragged wretchedness of these people is evident when you visit the crowded camps of Berlin. There at night you can find them sleeping in their two-decker bunks on straw mattresses, or stretched out on the floor because there are no bunks for them, thirty people sleeping sometimes in a room 24 x 24 feet in dimensions, kept warm by a couple of CARE blankets. Their miserable clothing hangs on nails beside their sleeping places, tattered and torn (how can they mend them?), thin and worn (how can they replace them?), greasy and dirty (how can they clean them?). As for the underclothes, when they exist at all they beggar description. And babies are born in these camps constantly, so that the need of layettes is appalling. 'Here in Berlin,' said one of the camp directors to me, 'we still need everything. Did you notice the shoes the people are wearing here?' If America could see the extent of this present and increasing distress, CARE packages of all kinds, food and clothing, blankets and linen and layettes would come streaming into Germany."

Though the Fellowship has no missionaries in Yugoslavia at the present time, the work being done there by CARE is so outstanding that we desire to

have our friends become better acquainted with it. In addition to its regular package-service to Yugoslavia, CARE some time ago began a mass distribution of United States surplus foods, obtained free of charge from the Commodity Credit Corporation of the Department of Agriculture. CARE is appealing to the American public for funds to help ship and package these bulk foods. Each donation of $5.35 guarantees the delivery of three hundred pounds of egg and milk powder, providing enough supplementary nourishment for one hundred people for a month, to any orphanage, hospital, old-age home, or any other institution, as well as to especially hard-hit communities anywhere in the six federated republics of Yugoslavia. Six jeeps, with the letters "CARE" prominently painted on their sides, and driven by Americans with interpreters beside them, are now bumping along Yugoslavian roads and mountain passes to find out whether the needy people are regularly receiving their share of this food. Field reports reaching CARE headquarters in Belgrade indicate that the people know very well that this food they are receiving is a gift from the American people through CARE. Their thankfulness is boundless for this timely aid in the face of a drought that amounted almost to a national disaster.

There is also a special Yugoslavian food package available at $10.00, designed to meet the needs of that country; or any of the other CARE packages may be sent. The Fellowship will receive and forward, without deduction, gifts for this admirable work of CARE in Yugoslavia. Also, Yugoslavia is included among the twenty-three foreign countries which receive "Food for the Mind" in the form of the latest American scientific and technical textbooks.

A Yugoslav metal-worker, receiving a package from the CARE headquarters in Belgrade, described the present diet of himself and his wife: "For breakfast we have bread and coffee, only it isn't really coffee, you know." He explained that it is simply roasted chicory. "For lunch we eat mostly beans and spinach; for supper we have tea and bread." He fondled the tins of bacon, meat, lard and liver paste, the package of rice, coffee, preserves and sugar in his CARE package, and confessed that he and his wife had not seen such food for many months.

In a radio broadcast on June 24th, Drew Pearson pointed out the importance of this aid given to an "Iron Curtain" country. Stalin and his satellites have waged a ceaseless campaign to overthrow the Tito government and recapture control of Yugoslavia. One of their most effective weapons is a strangling economic blockade. Western aid enables Tito and his people to preserve their independence, even in the face of greater difficulties caused by the recent drought.

But during the month of August, 1951, for the first time in five years the American-European Fellowship sent no CARE packages abroad,—no food packages at all. No packages for our missionaries, no packages for the relief families who are still voicing their gratitude for earlier gifts in pathetically touching letters. No aid for Yugoslavia, no aid for Germany or France or Austria. No aid for anyone.

Why?

There was no money left in our CARE fund. Thousands of dollars have passed through this fund in recent years, but at this present writing it contains precisely seventy-seven cents.

How can we feed Europe on seventy-seven cents?
Christ fed a multitude with only a few loaves and fishes.
We wait upon Him.

(Material in this article used by permission of CARE and of *The Commonweal.)*

Showers of Blessing Amidst a Hail of Bombs

This article, forwarded to us by Brother Stettler, was written by G. A. Kunzelmann, a former Austrian officer who is now engaged in writing tracts.

"Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary."—Psalm 68.9.

April, 1945. The last act of the terrible drama of the Second World War had reached its awful climax. The front line along the River Oder, representing the last fortified barrier against the onslaught of the enemy, had been broken at several points. Strong Russian tank formations were pushing through the gaps. There were terrible battles going on all around, of greater ferocity than any previously experienced. Also in the Spreewald, a district of vast forests, lakes, rivers and bogs, southeast of Berlin, several German divisions were hard pressed from day to day. Russian arms of every calibre attacked them from all sides. Bomber-formations rained bombs incessantly, and low-flying machines were pouring their roaring explosives into the forests, where not only German troops, but also tens of thousands of refugees, men, women and children, had sought shelter.

This bloodshed had been continuing for eleven days. The air was filled with the horror of death which, like a dark cloud, was brooding over the Spreewald. Those who had so far escaped death had lost their sense of time and space. Even we soldiers were not exempt from this stupor: all our feelings, thoughts and will-power were burned out, just as the world around us was incinerated. What we felt was no more than a dull after-taste of soot, death and fearful loneliness.

I was lying in a small sandy hollow among some shrubs. At my side was crouching a Captain with the decoration of the "Ritterkreuz" hanging from his buttonhole. How long had we been thus lying next to each other? Above and around us hell was raging. Now and then death came roaring through the air, but missed us, striking the ground with a deafening detonation. Yes, we were in the clutches of death, and there was no running away from it. Had not each one of us signed his own death-sentence, when we had put our signatures under the written order of our "Führer" a few weeks ago, which forbade any officer to capitulate or to be taken prisoner alive? And for disobedience to this order, not only the officer himself, but all his family would be put to death! Was this order sacred, that thus commanded us to die? An order that trod underfoot every vestige of will-power, and thought, and feeling, that only permitted one thing: Death? And how we had been tasting this death from hour to hour, from minute to minute, each lasting an eternity!

But—had not the voice of a human being sounded just now?—I turned my head. Ah, yes, the comrade at my side. "A slaughter I call this, not a battle: slaughter, it's nothing else," he said, forcing out the words through his chattering teeth, and glancing at me with bloodshot eyes. I merely nodded, and looked up into the sky at a squadron of low-flying fighters rushing towards the East and vanishing into the rising clouds of suffocating smoke. Then, suddenly, all became quiet around us. Only the far-off roaring and thundering of the battle could be heard. Slowly and awkwardly I managed to stand up, and turned to a nearby bush where I had my wireless set.

"Is it still working?" I asked the radio operator. He nodded. "Let us see whether the rest of the world has been destroyed already, and left us alone in the field still breathing." I switched the set on and began to turn the knob. As I was tuning the radio for a second or two, I suddenly felt as if I had lost the ground from under my feet. I pressed my hand against my

temple and then against my heart, to see whether I was still alive, or whether I had been taken out of this life into another world.

There *must* be another world, I thought, awaking, for this that I heard, and that so suddenly captivated my soul "as the noise of many waters," was something supernatural, something reaching me from outside this world. I heard the sound of trumpets and organs, and from above the voices of thousands of angels, as if they were calling to *me:* "Hallelujah, and glory to God on high. But *listen*, you troubled soul, you tormented one, *listen . . . listen!*"

And my soul did listen. It hearkened intently and with a burning desire. Indeed, it was a song coming from above. They were singing in a foreign language, yet it sounded so familiar to me, as familiar as my mother-tongue. Yes, I remembered having sung this very hymn long ago in that language. It was a Swedish hymn, known also in German (and English):

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me;
Even me, even me,
Let some drops now fall on me!

Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me;
Even me, even me,
Let Thy mercy light on me!

"Even me, even me," my feverish, thirsty soul echoed the supplication of the thousand angels, "Let some drops now fall on me." I was sitting on the stump, and knew nothing more about the Spreewald nor about the battle. Indeed, if ever there was a man who lifted up his hands so desperately to crave the mercy of God, it was this poor condemned soldier! But has God's mercy ever passed by such a soul without answering its cry?

In that hour I once more, as in a flash of lightning, experienced the blessed truth of these words: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles" (Psalm 34.6). The bitter taste of death and the terrible loneliness vanished from me, as fog scattered by the wind. The whole world seemed suddenly illumined, inwardly and outwardly. Yes, even upon me it fell, this wonderful mercy of God. Like the rain on the parched earth, this mercy fell upon me, and made me strong in my weakness. The heavenly choir and the organ with the trumpets faded out, and I heard a male voice say in Swedish: "Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary" (Psalm 68.9). And the same voice continued: "We come to Thee with glorification, praise and supplication, O Lord, for the showers of Thy mercy which Thou hast poured out on the barren and thirsty land. Thou hast never failed a soul that called for Thy mercy. Thy mercy gives strength and steadfastness, victory over suffering, death and damnation. Whether we live, we live in Thee, and whether we die, we die in Thee; there is nothing in earth or in heaven that can separate us from Thy love. We do thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast given us this victory through Jesus Christ Thy Son. Amen."

Once more the air was filled with a hymn sung by a thousand voices, accompanied by the sound of an organ and trumpets. Presently I found out where this mighty, yet gentle music had come from, to reach me, poor worm in the dust. It was a broadcast by the Salvation Army. This "Third Army" had come to Stockholm and was seeking to win men for Christ through a meeting in the large Town Hall.

What a contrast between the satanic powers of hell and the Celestial Power from on high! There was I, a tired and worn-out soldier, waiting for the end, wedged in between the armies of Russia and Germany: no way out, no hope of escaping from this veritable valley of the shadow of death! And yet there was another, a third army, a holy army sent down from heaven, marching on the waves of sound and descending between the two contending armies, pitilessly seeking to annihilate each other! Blessed Third Army, which provided me with the strength to go through that bitter hour of loneliness and despair. A "shower of blessing" had truly "confirmed thine inheritance when it was weary." It had brought life and victory to me.

That evening at sunset the sun appeared like a flaming orb above the battlefield, an ominous disk of blood. My comrade became frightened and said in a quivering voice: "Look there, fire and blood, a lot of blood. It will fall upon the earth presently, like a huge drop of blood." It really did seem as if that huge ball of blood would fall upon us at any moment. "Anyhow," my friend went on, "it won't matter any more, we are seeing all this for the last time." And what he said proved to be true, at least concerning himself, for he had seen the sun set for the last time!

That evening was followed by a day which no one who survived it will ever forget. It was the last and the most ghastly day of battle in the Spree Forest. What happened after that was just one long, seemingly endless march into a dreary captivity. But that I can now relate this experience in peaceful security at the side of my wife and children is due to the great mercy and the keeping power of Almighty God, which preserved me through two World Wars,—a mercy so great that it passes all understanding.

What a wonderful and mighty Father we have in heaven! If He has given charge to His angels to watch over one of his own, even a thousand bombs can fall on every side of you, yet you will remain unhurt, without even a scratch (Psalm 91.7). He will surely send showers of blessing and mercy, even amidst a hail of bombs.

The Open Door

When Mrs. Norman J. Smith was called Home three years ago, in August, 1948, one of the most comforting communications received by her daughter was a card sent by Brother and Sister Stettler from Switzerland. It bore a German poem, beautifully printed and centered upon a Cross, which may be freely translated as follows: " 'He who believes on Me shall never die,' thus spake the Lord in compassion; that which God takes from you is still living, though it be parted from you. Hear: Christ lives, with Him we live also; let nothing take from you this consolation. Look up to the open door of Heaven, and waver not in faith." So our readers will understand us when we speak of "The Open Door." Two families especially dear to our hearts have recently been faced with the necessity of looking up, in unfaltering faith, to that door. Members of both families have described their experience for us in words of such profound simplicity and beauty that we desire to share them with our friends, and to ask their special prayers for these workers who have borne their sorrows so bravely.

When our German representative, Pastor Bernhard Götze, began his American tour in the summer of 1950, he left his eldest daughter Lilli (Mrs. Elisabeth Kraft) in somewhat frail health, but he of course had every expectation of seeing her again on his return home. God had willed otherwise. The passing months of his tour through the United States and Canada

LILLI

were richly blessed in many ways (and he brought a blessing to others), but they were saddened by more and more serious news from home, of Lilli's failing health. Finally, in Montreal, just before going up to Quebec to sail for Germany, he received the message that she had been called Home on April 8th. Her father, who had held her up before the Lord in earnest prayer, now submitted quietly, though with an aching heart. Sailing two or three days after, as he had planned, he sought and obtained permission, though in the freshness of his sorrow, to preach to the passengers on shipboard every day. He returned to his bereaved family in Uslar a few days later.

Lilli was born in Lodz, Poland, on December 8, 1921, and hence was twenty-nine. She leaves her husband and two children, Ellen, aged three, and Knut, two, who are staying with their grandparents for the present. A personal letter from Lilli's mother describes her last moments: "She said to me, 'Mother, it's good that you are here; now everything is all right.' I noticed that she was very much changed, and my heart was sore; I sat beside her and prayed to God, who alone can help. Lilli said, 'Mother, it was just on Papa's birthday that I was so sick. Papa was celebrating with the grandchildren; but I am so tired, now I will sleep.' She stroked my hand. My heart was so heavy, I could hardly keep back the tears. I did not know that the angel who was to take my Lilli Home was already in the room. She asked for a drink, looking at me meanwhile with her great eyes. My daughter Nina came and brought the drink, which tasted good to her. Lilli said, 'I feel so very well, oh, so well.' Then she looked up at the ceiling, as if in wonder. The next moment Nina looked at me and said, 'Mamma, Lilli's dying.' Oh, Ruth, it was so slow, and yet so swift; peacefully, without making any movement, Lilli went Home."

Her father writes that Lilli found her Saviour when she was twelve years old, and that she trusted Him with a childlike faith, reposing upon Him during her long and trying illness. She loved her Bible, and underlined many passages. The words in Lamentations 3.24, "The Lord is my portion," she marked with her own hand on the very day of her death. Her father adds: "May the Lord especially bless her testimony to the hearts of those to whom Christ has not yet become all in all."

And in Lisbon, Portugal, a few days later, the door opened for the mother of our associate, Rev. Guido Waldemar Oliveira. She had been ill for some time, her son and his wife tenderly nursing her. On April 27th she grew weaker, and it became evident that the end was not far off. Brother Oliveira, holding back his tears, that he might play the part of a pastor rather than a son, inquired concerning her spiritual state. "Yes," she said, "I go before, and some day, in Heaven, I will hear that someone has arrived, and will find that it is my Guido." In this spirit she departed to be with the Lord. Services were held on the following Sunday, many friends sending floral tributes.

Your prayers are especially requested for these dear friends. They have borne their sorrows so bravely as to be an inspiration and a source of strength to all who are privileged to know them. May God bless and comfort them.

A Visit to Jerusalem

On Sunday, April 29th, I was in Jerusalem, where I have not been for some five or six years. Brother B. Dossik, the brother of our Nurse Dossik, has a large, handsome, powerful motorcycle. That day he was free from his work. "I am thinking of going to Jerusalem on Sunday," he said to me, "and coming back the same day. Don't you want to come with me?" "Yes," I replied.

Early in the morning we started: I sat behind. We rode cautiously through the streets of Tel-Aviv. Though it was so early, the city was already astir. There was no hint anywhere that it was Sunday, the day of rest. Israel does not know what happened on the first day of the week, two thousand years ago. We drew near to the suburbs of Tel-Aviv. I saw Brother Dossik, with some anxiety, feeling of his pockets. "What is the matter?" I asked. "I forgot my driver's license at home, but maybe we can get along without it." "No, the inspector will catch us: we'll go back." We went back. Again we passed through Tel-Aviv, regretting the loss of time. Brother Dossik hurried to get home as soon as possible, so far as the furious street-traffic would permit. Here is the little Dossik home again, and we had thought that by now we would be so far away from it! Now the license is in Brother Dossik's pocket, and we start. We pass again through the endless rows of noisy streets, full of buses, automobiles, and pedestrians on the sidewalks. We were so tired of all this! We longed to be outside of the city. Finally we passed the last houses of Tel-Aviv, and started out on the Jerusalem road. Brother Dossik "stepped on the gas," and we flew along, cleaving the air.

We drew near to the town of Ramleh, where the blind Brother Aisa lives and works. We entered the town: again there were the streets, the movement of traffic. Suddenly, at a cross-road, a policeman signalled to us to stop. We stopped. What is the matter? The officer wanted to see our license. He checked it, and found everything in order. We could proceed. Brother Dossik struck the side of the motorcycle with his foot several times, like a rider giving his horse the spur, to make it start. Our motorcycle began to quiver and roar, and we started. "It's a good thing," says Brother Dossik, "that we went back for that license!" "It certainly is!"

We fly along swiftly, making up for lost time. We reach a speed of seventy-five to eighty kilometers per hour. The earth glides away beneath our feet, we know not whither,—somewhere into the unknown. I pulled my hat down over my ears, and held on tight to it, so that it would not fly off. The still air is turned into a tempest, it beats against the face, it roars in the ears. With my other hand I cling to the handle, so that I myself may not fly off from the motorcycle along with my hat, and go sailing back in the direction of Tel-Aviv. But everything goes well, my hat and I stay in place. Brother Dossik, in his place, drives the motorcycle. The two wheels of the machine hardly touch the earth: it seems that it would take but little more to make them spin in the air. They are all that holds us now to the earth. But one false movement of Brother Dossik's hand, and we would find ourselves dumped out on the ground. I involuntarily began to philosophize.

The road begins to rise, and the farther we go, the higher it is. Jerusalem is eight hundred metres higher than Tel-Aviv. "Do you notice how it's growing colder?" asks Brother Dossik, from his place in front. "I surely do." And the higher we rise, the more cool and pleasant the air is. Along both sides of the road there are mournful traces of the war,—old armored cars, bullet-riddled, broken-down, overturned, and abandoned. Formerly they lay across the road, but they were dragged to one side, like corpses, so that they would not be in the way.

And here is a very steep ascent, like going straight up a wall. For a long, long time we climb, and when at last we reach the top, we find ourselves in Jerusalem. Half an hour ago we were at the seaside, and now we are almost a kilometer above the sea. Here it is like another climate. We pass slowly along the streets of Jerusalem. The wounds of war have in great part been healed, but even so, here and there, one may see the ruins of houses which have been destroyed by bombs and shells.

Jerusalem is quieter than Tel-Aviv. There is not that demoniacal, nerve-racking, convulsive movement along the streets: the streets seem empty, in comparison with those of Tel-Aviv. We approach the American Church, and at once find ourselves in the atmosphere of Sunday morning. Here people have gathered to remember the resurrection of our Lord, and to render to Him their praise and thankfulness. Their faces are happy and peaceful. How delightful to find one's self in such surroundings! On a raised platform, behind the pulpit, Pastor G. is conducting the meeting. He recently passed through America from Tibet, having labored in that wild country for twenty-seven years. He is awaiting a suitable opportunity of going back there again. Meanwhile, he is in Jerusalem. The sermon is preached by a transient guest from England. He speaks convincingly, with an inward fire. One feels the influence of the Holy Spirit and the presence of the living, risen Christ. In this meeting it is not man who is glorified, but God.

In the meeting we see many familiar faces; some of these people have been visitors at our clinic. After the meeting Mrs. Gibson introduces us to a young Hebrew couple, of whom we have already heard. With Brother Dossik, we are invited to dinner at Mrs. Gibson's house, which is very near the church. Meanwhile they show us the damage suffered by this building during the war. The cellar was used as a shelter by many of the people round about. A shell landed in the front wall and tore a great hole there; two weeks later, another shell landed exactly in the hole made by the first, while yet another shell tore to pieces the massive outer door. But an Unseen Hand preserved everybody, and there was not one wounded.

In a comfortable room, four of us sat down at a round dinner-table: Mrs. G., Miss L. D., a former nurse in the English Hospital (now closed), Brother Dossik, and myself. During dinner Mrs. G. had much to tell us of her daughter's work among the Mexican Indians. Mother and daughter are both missionaries, letting their light shine simultaneously in different parts of the world: the mother to Israel, the daughter to the Gentiles, but both for the same Lord. We saw photographs from far-off Mexico here in Jerusalem.

Then Mrs. G. told us about the young couple mentioned above, whom we had seen that morning in the meeting. When I met them, I had noticed ~~that he~~ had an artificial arm and leg. "Were you wounded in the war?" I asked him. "No," he answered, and I made no further inquiry. But at dinner I asked Mrs. G. about him, and she told me the following story. He had been a professional dancer, very well-known throughout the land. Somehow he had come in contact with believers, but had not received the truth, and had fought against it. He and his wife, who was also a dancer, needed a room to live in, and they enlisted the help of others in finding it. Mrs. G. and her friends began to search, and to pray about this. Mrs. G., in praying, was led to say: "O Lord, give them a room, but give them also something more than a room." She prayed very earnestly. It was a difficult and seemingly hopeless problem. And then, suddenly, a room was found. The young man went to look at it. Scarcely had he gone in, when a mine exploded there. It seemed that the Arabs, departing in their retreat, had secretly laid a mine in the inner part of the dwelling. It tore off part of his arm and part of his leg; the fragments

cut his face, as far up as his eyes, but the eyes themselves were not injured. Mrs. G., hearing of this with horror, determined to visit him in the hospital, along with a certain believing sister, though fearing that in such a condition he would not want to see them at all. But contrary to their expectations, though he was suffering greatly and was covered with bandages, he was very glad that they had come, and asked for a Gospel. "See," he said, "God has punished me, taking away my arm and my leg, but He has left me my eyes, so that I may read His Word." The shell-fragments had been driven into his face, even around his eyes, but they had not gone into the eyes at all. "If this had not happened," he said later, "I might never have become a believer." He was converted, and his young wife after him. When his wounds were healed, he returned home, testifying to his family for the Lord; he was fiercely persecuted, but stood firm. But of all this I cannot write here in detail. On hearing the tale, we could not help lifting up our hearts in praise to God. When I related the incident later to Brother Ostrovsky, he said: "We have the most amazing people here in this land: they will not believe, unless the Lord shakes their lives to the very foundations."

After dinner we went with Brother Dossik to make some calls and to see the city. We rode to the very boundaries, and from a height we could look down upon the Old City and the Mount of Olives. The whole of the ancient city was spread out before us, as in the palm of one's hand. So near, and yet so far! They have another government there. But the clear sunlight was illuminating the Mount of Olives, which was directly opposite us. I thought: "The day is coming, when the feet of our Saviour will again touch this mount. Then all boundaries will disappear: not only the line between the Old and New Jerusalem, but also the distinctions in government. There will be one King of kings, and one universal Kingdom of Christ. This is yea and Amen, and this Mount of Olives is waiting for that day: and we are waiting too. 'And his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east' " (Zechariah 14.4).

The day began to decline. We said our farewells, and started our journey back to Tel-Aviv.

JAMES YUK.

Believing Prisoners

Ludwigsburg, Germany, June, 1951.

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"Deliver us from evil" (Matthew 6.13). There are many here who, for various reasons, would claim this petition of the Lord's Prayer, but ignore the other parts of it. We are emphasizing the fact that the Will of God comes first, that we may plead in accordance with it. The sad perversion of religious teachings gives the people wrong ideas. That makes the work difficult, but there is so much more reason to meet the need.

Since we often mention work among the refugees, some may ask what they are taking refuge from? Recently I heard the remark that the Russian concentration camps are fully as bad as the former Nazi camps. Only they use no gas chambers, but leave the victims to perish miserably through abuse and ill-treatment. In Czechoslovakia, from the beginning of the Red rule, we knew of many people who disappeared—in cities, by the hundreds—never to be heard of again.

The adjoining picture gives you a bit of a "close-up" of camp life. The man is an engineer; his learning keeps him from humbling himself before the Almighty.

Then I thought you might be interested in an account I heard recently, of how a Frenchman fared during five years in various Nazi concentration camps. It is evident that he lived through all of this only because of his trust in God. The story was told in an evangelistic meeting, therefore it is no mere talk.

He was arrested because, instead of saying, "Heil Hitler!" he said, "Hail Jesus Christ!" Of course, beating followed the arrest, whereupon he was sent to a coal-mine. To top this, even his fellow-sufferers, being infidels, taunted him, saying, "Where is your God?" till he almost despaired, wondering why God permitted all this. But one day, above the din of the power-drills, he recognized the tune of a Gospel song, which cheered him so that he responded with a loud Hallelujah. The prisoners were not allowed to leave their work or talk to anyone, except in the five-minute pause every three hours. Then he was surprised to see a little, crippled German come and ask who cried that Hallelujah. There the German brother in Christ met a French brother, and no hate divided them.

The German had been separated from his wife and children for seven years, but was happy in Christ. He was crippled from much beating, but had to continue to slave in the mine. Shortly thereafter, one morning, he was not able to rise and take his place in the work-line. The enraged "leader" dragged him by the nape of the neck to the door of the barracks, where the believer encouraged the others by a loud Hallelujah, before he was shot in the back of the head.

Punishment was meted out for any reason, or for no reason at all, by beating the naked body with a rubber truncheon, for the duration of three verses of some church hymn, keeping time with the rubber on the victim's back. There also was a systematic daily punishment, administered in rotation. Twenty-five prisoners were tied, with their arms up, to a high beam, and beaten with the rubber truncheons, while the others had to look on and sing, adding scorn to cruelty.

Another form of punishment was for the whole camp to lie naked, three deep, in temperature ten degrees below freezing. Of course the purpose was that many would die, and these were cast out like cordwoood. Usually the last cry of the dying was "Mother," since these did not know the Heavenly Father, the only one who could help. On one such occasion the believing

Frenchman was challenged to read from his Bible. He had suffered many beatings for keeping this Bible hidden, and this time he tried to read Isaiah 53, the best he could with his teeth chattering. Was it worth-while, under the circumstances?

This believing Frenchman was passed through various camps, doing all kinds of work, but in all he experienced the wonderful, sustaining grace of God. Once he was in a work-gang of twenty-six men, who were ordered to load a ship with bricks. This was to be accomplished in two weeks, under a threat of severe punishment, but their food for the entire time consisted of only sixty pounds of potatoes and a few pounds of bread. That would barely suffice for one, to say nothing of twenty-six hard-working men. They knew also that people everywhere were forbidden to give the prisoners anything to eat, or to help them in any way.

The others challenged the believer to ask his God to give them something to eat. After prayer, he went to the Mayor of the next village, who was astounded that the prisoner did not greet him with "Heil Hitler!" "Where are you from?" he bellowed. On hearing that the prisoner came from Paris, the Mayor was glad to see a Parisian in rags, and did not fail to taunt him. But the result of the prisoner's testimony was that the Mayor took him to the back yard, where he ordered a servant to hitch up a wagon and loaded it with five sacks of potatoes. Thereupon he asked the prisoner to come back at night, after work, as his wife wanted to "talk religion" with him.

Going on with his load, the believer passed a bake-shop, where the sign was hung up: "The German greeting is: Heil Hitler!" Nevertheless he stopped in, and had the same kind of experience there as with the Mayor. It ended with the baker giving him a sack of bread, and also a request for a visit at night, for his wife. And he was invited to come for more bread, when needed. He then passed a milk-dealer's shop, where twenty-six quarts of milk were readily given, to be fetched daily.

The prisoner drew near the wharf. The others were not expecting him to come with a wagon-load of things, but they recognized him by his cap, through the holes of which his hair stuck out. Amazed at the results of his praying, they said: "You have a different God than we!" "No," said he, "but I treat Him differently than you do." What a testimony!

To demoralize the prisoners and take away any moral inspiration, they were forbidden to pray. However, a way was found, though every move was being carefully noted. Being herded in a yard, the prisoners kept their hands in their pockets, but with uplifted eyes they silently prayed. The camp-leader, from his office, noticed the peculiar position, but thought that since the supervisor was on the job, he should notice anything unlawful. The supervisor, for his part, saw the camp-leader looking on, and as he did not say anything, he concluded that it was all right, and no interruption was made.

Once two young SS men were "working" in the camp, rather half-heartedly, and it turned out that they had been compelled to do this work. The French believer had four brothers, and all five survived their ordeal, though around them many died of hunger or from beating, or were gassed or shot. Why? Surely their lives were preserved in answer to prayer. Therefore we wonder why so many, who are not persecuted, fail to pray. God surely must hold accountable all indifferent ones, lazy professors, not possessors. We find many such, fussing and complaining because things do not go to their own liking. They ask: Why does God permit this or that? He certainly wants to draw them to Himself. Please pray for us, that we may be enabled to snatch some out of Satan's clutches, ere it be too late.

In the Master's glad service, yours,

CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

Ministering in Uruguay

After a month of hard work in our center, Buenos Aires, its districts and suburbs, we decided to answer the insistent appeal of the Church in the colony of Flores, in the neighboring republic of Uruguay. Brother Myron Pastushuk, deacon of our central Church in Buenos Aires, who is a Bible colporteur, decided to go with me on this trip. The Lord wonderfully made ready our way, removing every hardship and difficulty. The Uruguayan Consulate in Buenos Aires very kindly gave us, free of charge, our tourist visas for a period of six months. The Director of the British and American Bible Society in Buenos Aires graciously undertook to cover Brother Pastushuk's travelling expenses, asking him to tell our Slavonic brothers, during his visit to Uruguay, about the great work of that Society in distributing the Scriptures throughout the world, at the lowest possible cost, and even free. All of this was made possible by the offerings that come in from friends who are interested in this sacred work.

We took second-class tickets on the river-steamer "George Washington," which travels up and down the Uruguay River, and we left Buenos Aires in the evening. The following day, at noon, we reached the border-town of Concepcion del Uruguay. There a small special train awaited us, run by the steamer-company, which takes passengers to the other, more important border-city of Concordia. A heavy rain was falling, and the weather was cold and raw. We could not help thinking: "Soon we shall come to the frontier, and there we must wait in the Argentine and Uruguayan custom-houses, until all the formalities have been taken care of, and then we must cross the river in a boat, and we shall be soaked." So it turned out. The rain kept on increasing. Then we had to wait near the small custom-house, for a time, until the officials came back from dinner. When our documents and luggage had been examined, we took our baggage in our hands and, in the face of the heavy rain, ran to the river, where the boat was awaiting us. Having crossed over to the other side, to the city of Salto, Uruguay, there also we had to run through the rain to the Uruguayan custom-house. Being thoroughly wet and chilled, we decided to take a taxi to the home of Brother Vladimir Kobak, who lives in this city. On arriving there, we met a number of brethren, who were awaiting us, and made us welcome. It was a joyful, brotherly meeting. Here we could warm ourselves, and refresh both body and soul, in the circle of old friends and fellow-workers for Christ.

The following day the weather was beautiful, the road had dried off somewhat, and on the next day, in the afternoon, Brother Kobak took us in his powerful truck to the Colony of Flores, some sixty kilometers from the city of Salto, where our brother-colonists live. For two weeks we held special meetings every day in their own prayer-hall, and in our free time we visited the homes. Brother I. Kuzminsky, a simple and uneducated man, who has charge of this group, lamented much that he was weak and unfit for such work, but he must perform it, because there is no other worker available. It was wonderful, however, to notice that this brother is sincere, humble, and devoted to God, and the Lord is blessing his humble efforts. During the whole time of our stay with them, he left his work on the farm, drove us everywhere, or walked with us, visiting the homes of the members of the churches, those who attend services, and friends. The Lord blessed our work in the meetings and in the homes. My heart is filled with gratitude to God, seeing the fruit, knowing that it is not in vain that I have so often visited these places, these homes, rejoicing, praying, weeping, sorrowing. How true the promise is: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him" (Psalm 126.5,6).

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS, June and July, 1951

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts. Contributions to the Fellowship are deductible from Federal income tax returns.)

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35038----5.00
35039---60.00
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35053---20.00
35054---50.00
35055---75.00
35056---10.00
35057----3.00
35058----1.00
35059---20.00
35060----5.00
35061---50.00
35062---50.00
35063---10.00
35064---$1.00
35065---10.00
35066----5.00
35067----5.00
35068---10.00
35069---50.00
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35072----1.00
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35112----1.00
35113---75.00
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35132----2.00
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35137----5.00
35138---25.00
35139----1.00
35140---15.00
35141---10.00
35142----5.00
35143--963.54
35144---25.00

A short time before our visit, Brother V. Cymbolisty, a member of the Church in Buenos Aires, had been here for a brief stay. He left the goodly evidence of his work behind him, and prepared several souls to accept Christ. It was good to hear of this. This brother is now working among his own Ukrainian people in Misiones, Argentina, where there are as many as 50,000 Ukrainian immigrants. He is doing pioneer work there: may the Lord bless him!

As our services here drew to a close, it was decided that on the last Sunday we would have a baptismal service, for those who wished to give themselves fully to the Lord, and to enter into covenant relationship with Him. Seventeen souls were examined and accepted for baptism. The eighteenth, who wished to join them, could not because of illness, but was baptized at a later time. These were all young men and girls, who had given themselves to the Lord. The baptism took place on a Sunday morning, in a small river which flows between the farms of two of our brothers. A great crowd assembled at the place of baptism, in order to see and hear what was to be done, and what would be spoken from the Word of God. Black clouds began to push up swiftly everywhere along the horizon, threatening to spoil our triumphal day. Soon we noticed that rain was falling in the region round about, and was swiftly moving toward us. Looking up to the sky, I prayed silently, asking the Lord to hold back the rain, so that we might be able to accomplish His commandment. He heard my prayer, and the threatening